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“NOT AS THE WORLD GIVETH.”

MARY KNAPP.

Not the joy pulsing to a fever heat,  
Not the swift laughter or convulsive mirth,  
Not the wild pleasure found in dancing feet;  
Thy peace is nothing kin to joys of earth.

But the calm sense of safe, secure repose;  
The heart is sure that it is loved; then cease  
All the vain tossings of life's angry tides.  
O Father, hear, and grant us thy sweet peace!

*Palmyra, N. Y.*

AN ENGLISH “FRIEND.”

Last summer, during a very delightful visit to London, there was no one whom I was more glad to meet again than my revered and beloved friend, J. Bevan Braithwaite. Truly he answers to the description of Barnabas, who was “a good man and full of the Holy Spirit.” We are told in God's Word that “many are called, but few are *choice*,” he is one of the *choice* spirits in the household of Christ. I never shall forget my last sweet interview with him at his house in Camden Road, when he took me into his library to show me some of his theological treasures, and ere we parted, he knelt and offered a fervent and beautiful prayer, which has followed me like a benediction to this hour. I wish that the whole Christian world knew more about that gifted “prince in Israel,” the learned and devout and large-hearted J. Bevan Braithwaite.

Some people very foolishly think of Quakers as a small and declining body whose only mission in this world has been to testify against the abominations of war and slavery and dram drinking and extravagant living. They *have* uttered these testimonies widely and boldly, and may God give them grace to continue to do it! But the high calling of Friends is to be a *missionary church*!—*T. L. Cuyler.*

GLADSTONE AND THE SABBATH.

The following incident shows how careful Hon. W. E. Gladstone is to observe the Sabbath at home or abroad. It occurred on the occasion of his recent visit to the continent. The city authorities of Naples wished to show Mr. Gladstone an extraordinary attention and arranged with the authorities for a visit to Pompeii, on which there should be a great excavation in the “City of the Dead.” He accepted the invitation, although no day was named. Knowing his love for classic archaeology, the authorities did not doubt for a moment that he would fall in with all their plans. So they fixed upon Sunday, and on Saturday morning it was announced in all the papers that a special steamer would take Mr. Gladstone and family, the authorities and newspaper correspondents to Pompeii, where there would be an excavation. But they “reckoned without their host,” or rather their guest, for the “Grand Old Man” firmly but politely informed them that he “did not use the Sabbath for merely worldly excursions;” that they must change their whole plan, or he would not go. And yet, without his knowledge, the correspondents, seeing the announcements in the Saturday papers, without further inquiry telegraphed to their journals in England, France and Germany, which published on Monday morning that “Yesterday (Sunday) Mr. Gladstone went on an excursion to Pompeii!” Many were the recriminations in the opposition journals and in the religious weeklies in

England, and some, not opponents, deplored that he should set such a pernicious example. Yet on that Sabbath Mr. Gladstone was in his regular place in church, and did not visit Pompeii until the Tuesday after.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

The Czar of to-day honors the memory of John Howard (who died a hundred years ago January 20), and offers fifteen thousand roubles for an essay on his life; but when George Kennan, following in the steps of Howard, draws back the curtain and shows the shuddering horrors in the prisons of Siberia, the Czar would willingly offer much more than fifteen thousand roubles for a successful essay upon *his* life. John Howard sleeps in innocuous silence in Kherson; George Kennan speaks through the everywhere present press to the court of last appeal, the civilized world.

There was not much money, there was not much popularity then in being a Puritan, in being a Pilgrim; there is not much profit, there is not much applause in being to-day a son of the Puritans, in standing as they did for great ideas and convictions, for liberty and righteousness, in holding the same relation to our age that they held to theirs. But let us be satisfied if, through unpopularity and loneliness and obloquy, we shall have done our duty as they did theirs, and let us hope that when another hundred years have passed, and when the ideal of to-day has become the commonplace of to-morrow, another generation may write over your grave and mine, “A SON OF THE PURITANS.”—*Dr. H. L. Wayland.*

THE PARIS EXPOSITION AND THE GOLDEN RULE.

If an exposition had been organized solely to show how far the race is from a realization of the Golden Rule, it could have hardly been more successful. One of the most interesting departments was that devoted to implements of warfare. There was every conceivable appliance for the destruction of human life—guns that fire with lightning-like rapidity, ugly shells that would destroy a city in an hour, huge battle-ships incased in triple armor, torpedoes for attack under water. Ingenuity has never displayed greater acuteness than in devices for killing men, and thousands of feet of space were here devoted to implements of human butchery. And those implements are only hints of a sadder fact back of them. Millions of men all the time under arms in France, millions more in Italy, millions more in Germany and Austria, millions more in Russia—all jealously watching one another, and now and then snarling like angry dogs. The departments devoted to salvation of life and amelioration of suffering were insignificant compared with those which show what men are doing in order to destroy life. . . .

There were seen the implements of war, but, singularly, they are becoming so perfect that they are practically useless. War is being made impossible by the very forces used to make it terrible. No progress? Why, the excellence of weapons is gradually insuring peace!—*Rev. A. H. Bradford.*

Each man can learn something from his neighbor; at least he can learn this—to have patience with his neighbor, to live and let live.—*Charles Kingsley.*